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*From
Birds
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Passage*

Mollie R. Gregory



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FROM BIRDS OF PASSAGE

MOLLIE R. GREGORY

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FOREWORD

Every work—whether it be great or small, so long as it be worthy of the name—contains deep within its heart an inspiration which either springs from one's own conception of truth, purity, goodness—or else is dropped within the garden of one's soul, as a seed, cast by those birds of passage whose flight brings them within range of our lives—our fellowmen. To those "birds of passage" that have borne such seeds, this little book is affectionately dedicated.

M. R. G.

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FROM BIRDS OF PASSAGE



Shrines: An Analogy

THERE is a sunny land across the sea—
A land where deep-hued skies of azure blue
Bend o'er the fertile plains with fond caress,
And, smiling, send the sunniest of smiles
Into the hearts of those that dwell beneath,
In Italy, the land of song and smiles.

The pilgrim traveler in this sunny realm
Finds near the coast fair cities, which the sea
Woos with the music of its murmuring—
A serenade which ne'er can lose its charm.
Then, toward the country's heart, the wand'rer finds
Fair rolling plains and beauteous groves and hills,
Clad in the verdure of the southern clime.
The north invites the pilgrim's footsteps. There,
He finds the country wilder. Rugged hills,
With higher summits than their southern friends,
Now lift their heads on high. The zephyrs soft
That wafted perfumes of the southern land,
Have here become more sharp. At last, a height
He spies with snow-capped crown. The winds are now
Chill blasts with icy breath. No summer sun
Sends sunny smiles into his heart, for he
Is in the Alps, where Winter holds his sway.

Still further does he penetrate the land—
Still wilder grows the scene, and far behind
Are hut and dwelling left, and all the signs
That speak communion with humanity.
Naught but a snow-swept path beneath his feet—
Naught but a sky, dull gray, above his head—
Naught but the stinging chill of loneliness
Within his heart. The desolation gray
Reflects the desolation of his mind,
Until his very soul—but what was that ?
A gleam of light that pierced the sullen gloom ?
Some ignis fatuus that comes to mock
And lead him onward in a hopeless quest ?
Rather, 'tis some delusion of the mind
That makes it seem—and yet, 'tis there again,
Faint and afar, but certainly a light !
Toward it, his weary footsteps take their way.
A blinding drift of snow now casts a veil
Across his sight, and hides the light from view ;
But when the sullen fury of the wind
Has died away, a moment's calm allows
His gaze to seek the light—yes—there it is—
Now nearer grown, and burning steadily !
Nearer he draws—yet nearer still. His mind,
Which but a moment since, was numbed and chilled
And listless with the desolation cold,
Is now alert with active interest keen.
Now, but a rod away—now less—his hand
Now meets a substance firm and solid—now
He flings away the quickly gath'ring snow

That blinds his sight, and gazes, rapt, intent,
In wonder at the unexpected sight
Which meets his startled gaze, for here he sees
A wayside shrine, enclosed in cov'ring rude,
Such as are often found along the way
Where peasants travel back and forth, intent
Upon their daily tasks, yet ne'er forget
To sign the cross and say a hurried prayer
That links the humblest task with thoughts of heaven.
But here—among the Alps ! Most strange of all,
Before the rude-carved figures of the Child
And Virgin Mother, burns a taper bright,
Whose gleam has drawn his wearied steps aside,
And fired his jaded soul with courage new.
Upon his knees he falls. 'Tis not alone
The holy symbols that inspire his awe—
'Tis not alone the signing of the cross—
'Tis not alone the murmured prayer that springs
Instinctive to his lips—combined with these,
Has come the knowledge that some human hand—
And not long since—has placed the taper there—
Perhaps some pious monk of St. Bernard,
Whose lonely life has taught him sympathy
For other souls, as lonely as his own.
The certain knowledge that not far away
There is some being who has had a thought
Of lonely wand'ers in this Alpine wild—
The very thought brings peace ! His onward way
Now seems less hard—the wind, less chill—the storm
Attacks with lessened fierceness—all because

A tiny candle's gleam has pierced the gloom
And desolation of an Alpine storm,
And drawn a pilgrim's steps before a shrine !

Shine on, O little candle, through the vast
And pathless stretches of the Alpine waste—
Send forth thy tiny gleam afar, and draw
Within the circle of thy cheering ray
The footsteps of the wand'rer to the shrine
Where, for a moment, he finds rest and peace !

Thus are our minds—not always gardens trim,
Neat, and well-ordered, swept by breezes calm—
But sometimes rough and rugged as the height
The traveler reaches in the Alpine climes—
Sometimes—alas ! too often—torn by storms.

When Thought, the gray-cowled pilgrim of the soul,
Wanders forlornly through a troubled mind,
Chilled by the sting of bleak misfortune's storm—
Perhaps, it sees behind it, but a past
Of vain regrets and hopes unsatisfied—
Perhaps, it sees a present, dark and drear,
Perhaps, a future, hopeless in its stretch
Of weary years that onward lead to—what ?
Then, through the storm of life, appears a light—
The candle, Memory—which throws its gleam
Upon the shrine of Recollection, where,
Safely protected from the wind of fate,
There lies some image fair which Thought holds dear.

Perhaps, the shrine may hold some pictured face,
Which, in the long ago of years gone by,
Has sent a kindly smile to us. Perhaps,
Some strain of melody may lie enclosed,
Which, in the far past, opened to our ears
A sound of heaven's music. Or, perhaps,
The shrine of Recollection holds a deed,
Which once has warmed our hearts with fervent glow.
But face, or strain, or deed, the shrine is there,
Beside the traveled or untraveled roads
That wind like labyrinths throughout the mind.
And tired Thought may often pause before
These images at which the candle burns,
And find consoling peace which lies too deep
For pencil to portray or pen describe.

Shine on, O Memory ! Send thy cheering ray
Through weary stretches of the vague unrest
That fills a troubled soul ; and to the shrine
That holds some image of a happy past,
Lead Thought, the pilgrim wand'rer of the mind,
Where, for a moment, it may find relief
From storm of life and wind of fate, until,
Refreshed and rested, it gains hope and strength—
Better equipped to meet what life may bring,
Better resolved to trust to hope and faith,
Better content to find, where'er it can,
A respite from the tumult of the soul
At Recollection's shrine, to which thy gleam,
O light of Memory, will point the way !

Ideals

THROUGH life, the loftiest aims bring highest
ends—

Yet hope, in its fulfilment, seldom gains
The height of its ideals. Ambition sends
Ideals to summits naught but dreams attains.

Without its ideals, life would be a night
Without its stars—a day without its sun—
A world, bereft of music and of light—
A summer, blighted ere 'twas scarce begun.

All things are possible to him whose dreams
Reach heights impossible! Although his goal,
Shining afar, he ne'er may reach, its beams
Pour glorious radiance throughout his soul.

Earth's highest inspiration ever glows
In hearts whose visions are of heights afar—
Earth's mightiest deeds are ever done by those
Who "hitch their wagons to a lofty star"!

The First Symphony

VAST, boundless space—indefinite extent,
Without beginning and without an end—
Darkness impenetrable—shadows deep—
And deeper silence, brooding over all.

Then, from beyond the veil of darkness, spoke
A Voice from far away— "*Let there be light*"—
And slowly, stretching through the sombre gloom,
The slender, rosy finger of a dawn
Crept on the scene, and growing bolder, cast
A radiance o'er creation; and the light
Fell on a mighty, slowly rolling ball
That on the orbit of its heavenly way
Revolved throughout the endless realms of space.
Upon this massive sphere, the first great dawn
Came with its mystery of wondrous light;
And with the light, there came unto the world
Rich, glorious color—green, that touched the hills
And rolling plains—the deep blue of the sea—
The brown and yellow of a field of grain—
The purple of the iris, and the red
That glows like fire within the rose's heart—
The rainbow tints within a drop of dew—
And, in the distance, blue—the heaven's own blue,
That far extended where the night had been.

Yet, something still was lacking to complete
The grandeur of a world more beauteous
Than any soul but One had ever dreamed—
Than any mind but One had ever planned—
Than any hand but One could ever form—
For, o'er this great work of a Master Hand,
Unbroken silence lay. Then, once again,
The great, far-seeing Mind the need repaired,
And issued the command: "*Let there be sound.*"
Then, at the word, this soundless world's extent
Was filled with sudden music. The great Mind
Was satisfied. The handiwork so vast
Had now attained perfection. From the trees,
A chorus rose that reached to heights sublime—
The birds the first musicians were—alone
With them remains the secret of their song
Throughout the cycle of the centuries.
Then, from the brooks and rivulets, there came
A lilting melody, with cadences
And swift arpeggios that rose and fell
And fell and rose in variations, each
Of which was sweeter than the one before.
The ocean, which before had sent its waves
In silence deep to kiss the gleaming strand,
Now added to the music of the sphere
With harmony of deepest, richest tone—
The varied scale began with deep-voiced notes
That from the massive billows had their rise—
Then lesser waves of higher tone—and yet
Still higher pitch from little waves that curl,

And send exploring curves far up the beach,
With liquid, lulling melody of sound.
Like skilful fingers, running o'er a harp
In soft accompaniment, a western breeze
Played o'er the rustling, restless forest leaves,
In minor notes with accents soft and sweet.
Then, shifting to the north, the wind became
Impetuous, pronounced, with crashing blasts
Of sudden chords that formed a contrast strong
To higher notes of bird and brook and wave.
A massive background of voluminous tone
Came from a mighty storm that smote the hills
And valleys. First, the swaying, rhythmic beat
Of raindrops came, with even cadences;
Then, thicker, faster, hurrying notes, that fell
In wild abandon as the storm increased,
And spent itself in fury. Thunderous peals
Came from the hills, and massive, heavy chords
In quick succession made a wild duet
Of wind and storm—a climax bold which shook
The lowest depths and echoed from the heights.
Then, the abatement came—with lessened force
And lessened volume, died the heavy notes—
Fainter and fainter grew the rolling peals—
Slower and slower came the mighty chords—
Caressing grew the fingers of the wind
That swept the harp of forest leaves, until
The high, melodious tones of birds were heard,
Mingled with rippling murmurs from the brook.

Thus, was the first great symphony composed—
The great Musician, with His knowledge vast
Of ev'ry power of ev'ry instrument,
Knew ev'ry possibility of tone—
Knew each device of changing light and shade—
Knew each effect of blending motives which,
With variations endless, ne'er outgrow
Our interest, our sympathy, our love.
And poets, till the end of time will come,
Will pen melodious verses that will tell,
In varied rhyme and rhythm, how the earth
Is linked to heaven forevermore by great
Symphonic music which all nature plays,
And which has taught man how to fashion his,
Since long ago, from far away, there came
That wondrous Voice that said, "*Let there be
sound!*"

Sonnet—Whispering Pines

O WHISPERING pines, what secrets do ye hold,
Cradled within your rustling, fragrant sighs?
What subtle charm within your murmur lies,
Which poet long has felt—but left untold ?
Since time, through ages vast, its course has rolled,
Sentinels have ye stood—or sages wise—
Clad in the verdure of your woodland guise,
Guarding with vigilance the forest wold.
O whispering forest pines, to ye belong
The mysteries of thought, of unsung song,
Of higher hope than words can e'er express,
Of deeper love than tongue can e'er confess,
And Fancy, through your boughs, fair dreams entwines
Of hope—ambition—love—O whispering pines !

Dawn

SLEEPING, the city lies. A veil of gray,
Dropped from some distant height,
Jeweled with gems of night,
Rests on the quiet streets and slumb'ring bay.

Low in the east, on the horizon far,
Steals a transforming glow,
Rising from depths below,
Dimming the radiance of moon and star.

Broader the eastern glow—faint rose-tints, pale,
Harbingers of the day,
Earthward now steal their way,
Lifting with gentle touch night's dusky veil.

A great, pulsating throb—the city wakes—
Its mighty heart responds
To Nature's call. From bonds
Of sleep 'tis freed ! Dawn on the city breaks !

To "The Mayflower," 1620

O LITTLE ship, what burden didst thou bear
Of fearless hearts and true, that sought afar
The country of their dreams, a New World fair,
'Neath Freedom's star ?

What unknown perils didst thou boldly brave
When, like fierce birds of prey, the storm-clouds
dark
Hovered o'er turbulence of wind and wave,
O fragile bark ?

O Ship of Destiny ! The souls that sought
The shelt'ring shores of this, our mighty land,
Made e'en thy mem'ry dear, O ship that brought
That Pilgrim band !

Goodnight, Sweetheart

GOODNIGHT, sweetheart ! Fond dreams ! The
day is done,
And in its breast,
The deep, deep west
Has cradled far from sight the golden sun.
Nothing is stirring save a tiny breeze,
That, passing like a dream o'er land and seas,
Lulls them to rest.
The great night-lamp has shed its silver light
Over the sleeping world. Sweetheart, goodnight !

Awake, sweetheart ! Night's shadows westward fly !
There softly glows
A tint of rose—
The dawn's first blush—throughout the eastern sky.
Fresh voices of the dawn are calling thee—
The song from feathered throats—the hum of bee—
A west wind blows,
Raising a rippling laugh upon the lake—
Sunlight was made for thee—sweetheart, awake !

A Pot of Gold

IN some forgotten book—some childhood's friend—
A tale I read—the name has slipped my mind—
That he who travels to the rainbow's end
A pot of gold will find.

And many a child, in wonder at the tale,
Has planned within its childish mind to rove,
Until, somewhere beyond the hill and dale,
It finds the treasure trove.

What pot of gold seek'st thou ? Perhaps for thee,
The mystic spot holds lure of wealth untold—
Perhaps the riches vast of Araby
Are in thy pot of gold.

Perhaps thou seekest at the rainbow's end
Ambition with its cherished hope of power—
Or fame and all its glittering splendors lend
The interest of thine hour.

Perhaps the vain, unsatisfying race
For pleasure, the elusive, calls thee far
And wide, to search with eager, hurrying pace
To find the fabled jar.

If, after years of search, O seeker bold,
Thou couldst at last that hidden pathway win,
And, at its end, couldst find the pot of gold—
What wouldst thou find therein ?

He, whom, in quest of wealth, no peril daunts,
A modern Midas, at the goal will find
A grinning skull, a hollow laugh that taunts
The anguish of his mind.

What prize rewards the search of him who pines
For power, the summit of ambition's height ?
A broken sword—a rusted pen—the signs
Of power's waning might !

He who beyond the rainbow's path has sought
The laurel wreath of fame—whose mind conceives
No higher prize than this—will find there naught
But withered, faded leaves.

If selfish love of pleasure's whirling maze
Attracts him, he will find, to end his quest,
A mirror which reflects unto his gaze
The god he served the best.

But, thou mayst ask—is there no pot of gold ?
No fabled treasure at the rainbow's end ?
No prize for errant seekers to behold,
Whose footsteps thither wend ?

He who with happy heart goes on his way,
Seeking no prize beyond the rainbow's path,
Reaps his reward throughout his life each day,
Not as an aftermath.

The rainbow path is full of beauties fair—
But if afar are strained thine eager eyes
Upon some spot with mystic treasure rare,
Thou'lt miss what near thee lies.

The rainbow path is *Life*. If thou wouldst wait
Till Life is o'er, no pot of gold thou'lt find—
But if thou searchest ere it is too late,
Thy path is with it lined !

Let glorious joy of living fill each day—
Think not of gains which future days may hold—
For, if thou wilt, thou'lt find along thy way,
Each day, a pot of gold.

A String of Pearls

To L. A. S., upon the completion of twenty-five years of service and helpfulness to others.

EACH year, from north to south, from clime to clime,
Throughout a cycle vast, old Father Time
Travels abroad his great dominion o'er,
Which lies from sea to sea, from shore to shore.
Sometimes, the violet her scepter wields,
Next, does the modest daisy rule the fields,
Still later, does the rose her kingdom keep,
Else, 'tis the poppy with her draught of sleep.
Sometimes, the goldenrod rules all below,
Or holly berries, peeping through the snow,
Remind us that our Father Time at last
Has traveled through his mighty cycle vast.
Somewhere, within his course, from clime to clime,
In passing o'er the earth, old Father Time,
Into our hands, outstretching for the prize,
A pearl lets fall, a gift both great and wise.
Mortals of earth the name of *Years* bestow
Upon these pearls that fall to earth below.
These pearls are ours, to polish ill or well—
To leave them dull and dim as when they fell,
Or else endeavor with incessant care
To make each pearl a gem of beauty rare.

Twelve months upon each pearl our work complete;
When they have passed, no skill, no art, no feat
Can perfect make what then remains undone,
Can beautify a dull, discolored one.
Thus, we accept these pearls from age to age,
And, passing to and fro upon life's stage,
With ease and pride, or doubts, distrust, and fears,
We polish—or neglect—the pearls, called *Years*.

If Father Time to us to-day should come
To view the gems entrusted to us, some
Of us with sad remorse and shame and woe
Would seek to hide our pearls, because we know
Of blemishes that mar their surface fair,
Of sad discolorations which are there.
Some of us, if he came to us to-day,
Would timidly our strings of pearls display,
Which, although filled with imperfections few,
Are fair results of efforts, brave and true,
With dull, imperfect tools, with which we've done
The best we could on each and every one.
If Father Time should come to us to-day,
One string of pearls is here, whose bright array
Contains along its shining length, a row
Of *Twenty-five* that gleam as white as snow.
And Father Time, pleased with their beauty rare,
Would say while gazing on these pearls so fair:
"These *Twenty-five*, which last to thee I gave,
Are beautiful; thine efforts, true and brave.
Lives which a contact with these gems have known

Have benefit derived, which thou hast sown.
All who have gazed upon their beauty real
Have turned unto their own with doubled zeal,
And many a pearl is now more fair to see
Because its owner has been helped by thee.
May many more be added to this row
As lovely as the gems thou here dost show.
May each new pearl that comes, for thee increase
The happiness that dwells alone with peace.
May each new pearl that on the string is drawn
Bring blessings to thee, from each dawn to dawn—
Bring to thee all that heaven and earth bestow
Of gifts that make of life a heaven below!"

The Sea of Dreams

DRIFTING ! We know not whither—only drifting,
With idle oars and thoughts. We little know
What shoals ahead their dangerous reefs are lifting,
To bar our progress as we onward go.
Drifting ! The very word has music in it—
A rest to weary soul and sense it seems—
'Twixt us and distant lands, lies but a minute,
When we embark upon the Sea of Dreams.

O Sea of Dreams ! Majestic domes and towers
Rise from that realm across thee, far and fair—
'Tis Morpheus, with his key of magic powers,
Who guards the Land of Castles in the Air.
His scepter is a poppy, dream-promoting,
Which o'er the Sea of Dreams its incense throws—
The murmurs of the sea o'er which we're floating
Are full of music, lulling to repose.

O Sea of Dreams ! Stretch on ! To earthly mortals,
Thy waters are a refuge. When we drift
Across thy billows to those guarded portals,
We leave dull care behind us ; and we lift
Our eyes to shadowy castles in the distance,
Touched lightly by the sun with rosy beams ;
Far in our wake, lies every-day existence,
Lost in the waters of the Sea of Dreams !

May

'TIS May—the tears from April's eyes
Fell not in vain,
But coaxed fair Spring her radiant guise
To don again.

'Tis May—the zephyr soft that blows
From southern lands
Brings messages that each bud knows
And understands.

'Tis May—and from the heavens blue,
The sun's caress
Wakes in the dear old earth anew
Spring's loveliness.

The Secret of the Breeze

AN errant breeze, on a still May night,
Found that rest was all in vain,
So it sought delight
In a midnight flight
O'er the slumb'ring wood and plain.

As the east grew rosy, the breeze in glee
Whispered soft to a bee in flight,
"Come and fly with me,
And a secret see
That I stole from the woods last night !"

Together, they sped over hills and leas,
To the wood-nymphs' cool domain—
To the stately trees
Laughed the mocking breeze,
"Your secret you guard in vain !"

They softly stole through the woodland scene,
Till the breeze, with a laugh jocose,
Raised a veil of green,
'Neath which leafy screen,
Blushed the summer's first-blown rose !

Sunset Along the Coast

A STUDY IN TINTS.

SUNSET along the coast—the glorious west
Is like a mighty canvas, where some hand,
With lavish prodigality and zest,
Has flung the richest tints at its command.
The sea is quiet. On its broad expanse,
Far eastward, lies a tiny sail, aflame
With rosy color from the sun's last glance,
Before the western deeps his glory claim.
A mellow, filmy haze has settled low
On sea and land. Its soft, transforming charm
Has lent a witchery of golden glow
Like a magician's vapors. From the arm
Of each caressing wave that seeks the shore,
Jewels are cast of thousand gleaming hues—
The wave recedes, but soon returns with more
And lovelier gems to deck the strand it woos.

O closing Day, O swift departing guest,
What hast thou given me ?
Thou stay'st not for entreaty or behest—
What have I given thee ?

Longer the shadows grow. The western tints
Of richest tone are fading. Slowly die
The brilliant reds which, but a moment since,
Made glorious riot in the western sky.
Lower has sunk the sun. The palest pink
Illuminates the western clouds with rose
Of faintest hue. The moments few that link
The day with night are drawing to a close.
Still lower sinks the sun—a moment more—
'Tis gone from view ! Slowly the golden haze
Is dimming now. The sail beyond the shore
Is now a spot of sombre, blended grays.
Dulled are the jewels on the wave-kissed strand—
Only one cloud is edged with pink—the last
Faint tint—now it has left. From sea and land,
Gone is the light. Westward, the Day has passed.

O Day that's gone ! A memory art thou !
What hast thou left with me ?
The long, long Past has claimed thy glories now—
What have I sent with thee ?

Day's sister, dark-browed Night, is on her way ;
Already are her robes of sable hue
Casting faint shadows of transparent gray
That fall like veils across the heavens blue.
The little sail on the horizon far
Dimmer has grown, until the gath'ring folds
Of darkness hide it now. The Evening Star

Heralds the dusky goddess, Night, who holds
Our dreams within the hollow of her hand.

Attended by her twin-nymphs, Rest and Sleep,
Nearer she draws, and over sea and land,

Soon will she cast her spell of slumber deep.
Across the sea, a moonlight path connects

The far horizon with the shore; the gleam
Falls from Night's golden lamp. The sea reflects
The spangles of her robe. Night reigns supreme.

O Day to come, what hold'st thou in thy scope ?

What wilt thou bring to me ?

What shall I give of faith and trust and hope,

O future Day, to thee ?

If

IF thou wert a star, 'mid the gems of the night,
And I were a wave of the sea,
On my bosom, I'd cherish thine image so bright,
And pray that the day with its sun-given light
Long delayed in its coming might be—
If thou wert a star
In the heavens afar,
And I were a wave of the sea.

If thou wert a bee, of June honey in quest,
And I were a blossoming rose,
The richest of nectar, the sweetest, the best,
For thee I would treasure, and lull thee to rest
In the fragrance my petals enclose—
If, 'neath a June sky,
Sweetheart mine, thou and I
Were a bee and a blossoming rose.

Just Thee

WHAT do I ask of life, sweetheart ? Just thee—
For to me, thou art joy and life and love ;
The light of day is in thy smile ; I see,
Reflected in thy glance, the stars above.
The thought of thee is like a breath that springs
Fresh from some pine-clad hill, or from the sea—
Hope, inspiration to my heart it brings—
Could life give more, I ask, than love of thee ?

What do I ask of heav'n, sweetheart ? Just thee—
For thou art heav'n and peace and calm content—
My love for thee—the best that lives in me—
My soul's desires to higher realms has sent.
To know thee, is to feel a wondrous light
Flooding one's soul, and causing it to see
Life's drama with a clearer-visioned sight—
Could heav'n give more, I ask, than love of thee ?

Sonnet—To Arthur Pryor

THY soul must be a garden of sweet sounds,
Where thy imagination, like a breeze,
Plays o'er the flowers and gently moving trees,
And lo ! a wealth of glorious tone abounds.

Thy notes, a revelation which expounds
 The high perfection of thine art, appease
 The soul's desire for beauteous melodies,
 When deep, majestic, sweet, thy tone resounds.
 O wizard of sweet sounds ! Long may thine art
 Continue to inspire this world of ours
 With melodies which, oft-heard, sweeter grow ;
 For when thou play'st at will upon the heart
 Of man, with all the magic of thy powers,
 Thou bring'st a bit of heaven to earth below.

Ballade Egyptian

Suggested by Arthur Pryor's "Egyptian Love Dance," and adapted to the music of the same.

FAR across the vast desert sands,
 Lies the pearl of the Orient lands—
 Land where palm-trees serenely
 Wave in majesty queenly,
 Green-hued,
 Breeze-wooded—
 Where the lonely Sphinx in baffling mystery stands.

There, the sacred Nile onward flows,
 O'er its cataracts leaping goes
 Through nyanza and fountain,
 Winds o'er desert and mountain,
 Curving,
 Swerving—
 Where the lotus blooms—Egyptian rose.

Land where Cleopatra, the glorious,
Ruled all hearts with witch'ry victorious—

Where the slender obelisks on high

Upward tower,

Full of subtle, mystic power—

Where the sand-swept desert is broken

Oft by massive pyramids, token

That within, entombed, there lie

Dynasties of days gone by.

There, Osiris and Isis great

Long were worshiped with pomp and state ;

There, in temples, dim-lighted,

Mystic rites were recited,

Off'ring,

Proff'ring

Sacrifice to heathen gods insatiate.

Far across the Sahara sand,

Fiery hearts glow, with ardor fanned,

There, of Orient description,

Reigns the "Love Dance Egyptian"—

Yearning,

Burning

Passion of the far Orient land!

Cupid's Revenge

ONCE, Cupid grew jealous. In spite of his birth
And estate as a god, had malevolence seized him;
From Olympus he stole, and descended to earth
To punish a Mortal whose charms had displeased him.

But the Mortal was modest, and thought it a joke
That envy the heart of a god should e'er harrow—
“Run back to the clouds”—’twas the Mortal that
spoke—
“Like a good boy, and play with your bow and your
arrow!”

Then Cupid in vengeance an arrow let fly—
’Twas a plan of revenge both effective and simple—
But alas for results! He had aimed it too high—
Cupid called it a scar—mortals call it—a dimple!

To Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

*The divine faculty is to see what everybody can
look at.*—James Russell Lowell.

O POET seer, what didst thou, gazing, see
That lies too deep for aught but visioned
eyes?
The glimpses thou didst gain of Paradise
Thou gavest to the world with bounty free.

O singer sweet, what didst thou, list'ning, hear,
What whisperings, by naught but genius heard?
'Twas by celestial sounds thy heart was stirred
To pour the beauty forth that men revere.

O Longfellow! Thy mighty gifts were great—
'Tis mighty use of them that thou hast made—
The laurel thou hast won will never fade,
While hearts to thee their tribute dedicate!

Sonnet—To Friendship

YOU ask, O friend, what friendship means to me—
Friendship to me is like a full-blown rose,
Which gladly o'er the world its fragrance throws,
Asking no recompense for bounty free.
Friendship, O friend, to me is like the sea,
Whose constant, steadfast wave unceasing flows—
Friendship to me is like a star that glows
In highest heaven—yet smiles on hill and lea!
What would life be without its friendships rare?
Like flowers they bloom, as fresh and sweet and fair—
The stars of life are they, that lift our souls
To loftier ideals, to higher goals.
Like waves, they are the music of life's sea—
All this, O friend, thy friendship is to me!

When Fields Are Green

K NOW'ST thou the time when the summer's hue
Gladdens the world—when the skies of blue
Bend o'er the earth with warm smiles to woo
The wakened Nature-queen?
When Earth from her winter's sleep has stirred,
And hum of bee and the song of bird
Through the lanes and woodland groves are heard?
'Tis when the fields are green.

Know'st thou the time when the summer breeze
Whispers its song to the blossomed trees,
Bearing their fragrance across the seas ?
When in the sky, serene,
The summer moon in its distant height
Travels its course through the still June night,
Flooding the fields with its silver light?
'Tis when the fields are green.

Know'st thou the time when our hearts, like flowers,
Responding to the bewitching powers
Of Nature, gay in her summer hours,
Awake, and beat in tune
With Nature, throughout her time of play?
It is, when the snows of yesterday
Forgotten are, that our hearts are gay—
When green the fields of June.

Life

'T WAS night. The bivouac, quiet lying,
Was wrapped in dreams. A zephyr, sighing
Its song of love to tree and flower,
Sentinel of the midnight hour,
Alone was stirring with the suing,
Whispering music of its wooing.
I slept. My soul, its cares forsaking,
Beheld a scene of Fancy's making—
A realm o'er which the sunbeam lingers,
Touching with warm, caressing fingers
Its valleys with their deep-hued mosses—
Its fields which Nature's touch embosses
With flower and fern—its hills, abounding
With groves, where melodies, resounding,
Speak of their feathered tenants. Gazing,
Mine eyes beheld far summits, raising
Their towering heads where white snows drifted—
A scene to thrill one's soul, uplifted—
Scene of my youth, which memory treasured,
A gem of priceless worth unmeasured.
Roving, my dream-blest fancy wandered
Adown these vision-valleys—pondered
On days when Youth and Love, light-hearted,
Were mine—but from my dream I started—

Gone was the scene, the vision vanished—
'Twas the reveillé that had banished
The cherished dream to realms far distant,
And roused me with its call insistent.

I slept, and dreamed that Life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that Life was Duty.

Years passed. Peace, like a white-robed maiden,
Dwelt in our land—a land now laden
With store of glorious promise, shedding
Abroad its hope, its glory spreading.
Once, lost 'mid spell of Fancy's power,
I dreamed: again the war-clouds lower—
Again war's tocsin flings its warning
Alarm, that through a bright-hued morning,
Casts knell of dread prognostication
Of future days of desolation.
Again, I lived through war's red hour—
Again, felt war's compelling power
O'er heart-strings rudely wrenched asunder,
'Mid grim artillery's grimmer thunder.
Then slowly through my dream of battle,
Of cannon's roar, and muskets' rattle,
A sound there softly stole, dispelling
The scene of war, its horrors quelling.
From ivy-covered belfry tower,
Rang summons of the matin hour,
Announcing that, from heaven's portals,

A new day dawned—God's gift to mortals.
Again—now, not in dreams, but waking—
Once more I saw the sunlight, breaking
O'er fields where—errant summer rover!—
The bee sought nectar of the clover.
Beyond, lay fragrant pine-groves, flinging
Their incense to the skies, and ringing
With lyric notes. With dull blues tinted,
Far peaks their rugged outlines printed
Against a bluer sky, whose glory
Showed in relief their summits hoary.
Dropped from my soul the dream's illusion—
Passed from my heart war's wild confusion—
War! 'Twas a memory, slowly fading
Down thought's long vista, and invading
Dreams—only dreams. A world Elysian
Dawned on my waking soul and vision.

I slept, and dreamed that Life was Duty;
I woke, and found that Life was Beauty!

Acknowledgements to F. B. S.

A Valentine

I LOVE you, dear! What more can poet say
Than these four words, which, since creation's
birth,

Have been the motive of the poet's lay,
And made a heaven here below on earth?

Search as you will, o'er foreign lands and seas,
Pore over tomes of learning, sage and drear—
There are no words on earth compared with these,
And that is why I say—I love you, dear!

To a Butterfly

O BUTTERFLY, thou flower that's taken flight!
Why didst thou come
Far from thy woodland haunts of calm delight,
To seek the hum
And roar and bustle of a city's life?
Dost thou not sigh
To know once more thy fields with flowers rife,
O butterfly?

Perhaps some zephyr, blowing o'er a tree
With blossoms wreathed,
Happened one bud of sweetest grace to see,
And quickly breathed
The breath of life into its petal-wings
Of rainbow dye,

Creating thus a theme the poet sings—
A butterfly!

Stay with us, stay, if but a few short hours!
Thou bring'st a dream
Unto the city street of fields of flowers,
And mak'st it seem
That Nature, with her most caressing wile,
In passing by,
Had dropped upon the street her sweetest smile—
A butterfly!

First Love

O FIRST love, with its fancies and its dreams!
O first love, with its tears and laughter light!
Comes e'er a love to later years which seems
So fraught with promise and with hope so bright?
Wouldst know the sun's first love? Yon summit high,
Lifting her queenly head the world above,
While earth and sea still wrapped in slumber lie,
Welcomes the sun's first kiss and smile of love.
The May-buds love the wooing breeze that sings
Of other lands and skies far in the west;
The hillside loves the violet which clings
Close in the refuge of its shelt'ring breast.
The dawn first loves a fleecy cloud of white
That waits his advent in the eastern sky,

And blushes rosy at his glance. The night
Woos first the evening star, serene on high.

Upon its love, the strand, the wave bestows
The jewels of its treasure-house, the sea;
To June's warm smile, responds its first-blown rose;
The clover, to the wooing of the bee.

Thou cam'st to me, O thou first love of mine,
As sunlight to the world, with wak'ning thrill—
A vision to my heart—a dream divine—
First love and last, 'tis there thou ling'rest still!

A Wish

THE poets long have sung in varied verse
How April showers bring forth the flowers of
May—

Nor will I now again the tale rehearse,
But send thee just a wish on this, thy day.

I would not wish thy life from showers free—
The flowers of May depend on April's rain—
The blossoms of the Spring not long would be
The keynote, struck in Nature's Spring refrain.

For thee, my wish would be: May showers fall
Enough upon thy life to make thy May
A glorious wealth of bloom and promise! All
Of this—and more—I wish for thee to-day!

Sonnet—The Statue of Liberty

O THOU great statue at our country's gate,
Guarding the greatness of our nation's name,
Guarding the greatness of our nation's fame,
Thou art the symbol which our mighty state,
Proud of its past, with victory elate,
High in ambition and in ev'ry aim,
Lofty in purpose, in ideals the same,
Has chosen as the emblem of its fate.
Guarding the greatness of our nation's fame,
In Liberty, for which thou standest, lies
Our nation's greatest power, its greatest prize.
The Liberty for which our fathers fought,
And nobly won, and wisely kept. They sought
Freedom for Freedom's sake, and then bequeathed
To us the spirit that in them had breathed.

Thou hold'st aloft within thine upstretched hand,
Extended high toward heaven, a noble light,
Symbol eternal that the gloom of night
With hosts of ignorance at its command
No refuge finds within our glorious land—
A land whose wide-spread fame and honored might
Rest in its Freedom and its power of right—
Long may its fame on these foundations stand!

O Liberty! What do those steadfast eyes
See in the future that before us lies?
We pray that it be not mere boast of power,
Sent to enhance a brief triumphal hour,
But that the Liberty, by thee expressed,
Shall reign from north to south, from east to west!

A Summer Idyl

THE wind and the dew loved the rose. Rivals keen,
Each one sued for the love of the garden's sweet
queen—

Each one promised her constancy, tenderness, love,
That lasting would be as the heavens above.

“Love but me!” each one cried,

But the rose gently sighed—

In her heart, was no love for the wind or the dew—
For the rose loved the sun—though the sun never knew.

“Be my bride!” cried the dew. “O’er thy petals’ soft
glow,

The most priceless gems of the kingdom I’ll throw;
I’ll adorn thee with jewels and diamonds bright
That will rival the stars of a still summer night.”

But the rose gently swayed

On her stem. Not afraid

Was she of the lure of the gems of the dew—
For the rose loved the sun—though the sun never knew.

“Be my bride!” cried the wind. “At thy heart let me
rest,

And thy glory I’ll spread from the east to the west,
For afar I shall waft that sweet fragrance of thine
From the groves of the south to the land of the pine.”

But her secret she kept,

And a bee, which had crept

Near her heart, felt no heart-throb for wind or for
dew—

For the rose loved the sun—though the sun never knew.

So the wind and the dew hopeless grew—fickle pair!—

For the lily soon smiled on the king of the air,

And the violet was won, ere the next summer’s glow,

By the promise of gems which the dew could bestow.

But the rose bloomed serene,

Still of flowers, the queen—

To the sun-god, enshrined in her heart, she was true—

For the rose loved the sun—though the sun never knew.

To Marguerite

JUST "Irish point"—a dainty bit!—
Is Marguerite;
The "point" is oft her sparkling wit—
Straightway into your heart she'd flit—
This Marguerite,
With smile so sweet.

I wonder why, of all the year,
This Marguerite
Chose old October's days so drear—
Could she have planned the month to cheer
With sunlight sweet?
Wise Marguerite!

October's dainty maid! A toast
To Marguerite:
May old Dame Fortune send a host
Of blessings that will please her most—
To this petite
Sweet Marguerite!

The Advent of Spring

WHEN grim King Winter, with his chill commands,
Northward has traveled with his court of snow,
There comes to take his place, from southern lands,
A gentle queen, called Spring, fair and aglow
With youth and beauty. In her retinue,
Are youths and maidens, who, at her behest,
Cast witching spells throughout the land, to woo
Nature from her long sleep and winter's rest.
First, to her side, Spring calls a winsome maid,
April, a fair coquette, and bids her go
To ev'ry meadow, hill, and shady glade,
And lay aside the coverlet of snow
'Neath which a world of flowers in slumber lies—
April obeys, and 'neath her sunny smiles
And coaxing tears, the violets' blue eyes
From tranquil winter slumber she beguiles.
Next, to a bed of dreaming daffodils,
Quickly she runs, and wakes them from their sleep;
Tulips and jonquils with her call she thrills—
The crocus wakens from her slumber deep.
Then to her side, the Spring queen summons now
Another lovely maid—'tis gentle May—
And sends her forth to wake on ev'ry bough

Buds that will clothe the trees in glad array.
May throws a soft green mantle o'er the land—
Wakes the arbutus on the hillside steep—
No bud or blossom can her call withstand—
The hawthorn berries from their shelter peep.
Next, Spring calls June, a maid with glorious smiles,
Upon whose face a radiant beauty glows,
And bids her wake, with her most witching wiles,
The queen of flowers, the perfume-laden rose.
Next, wakes the poppy with its magic spell
And charm of slumber—'tis the crimson flower
Beloved by Morpheus, God of Dreams. Each dell,
Each valley, hillside, each sequestered bower,
Has waked to life and radiant, flushing bloom—
Thus comes the Spring queen, who, with potent
powers,
Reclaims the sad old Earth from winter's gloom,
And summons the awak'ning of the flowers.

Twilight

TWILIGHT descending,
Sunset hues blending,
Sun its way wending
Far to the west;
Only a crescent pale
Now dots the azure veil,
Stretching o'er hill and dale—
All is at rest.

Curfew bell ringing—
Birds homeward winging—
Fisherman bringing
Nets from the bay.
Flowers begin to nod—
Morpheus, the dreamy god,
Raising his magic rod,
“Sleep!” seems to say.

Sadness and sorrow
Come with the morrow;
We cannot borrow

Days that are spent.
“Make the next day,” we pray,
“Nobler in ev’ry way—
Soon ’twill be yesterday—
Must we repent?”

Day with its sighing,
Failing, and trying,
Slowly is dying,
While, to the shore,
Comes a voice o’er the sea,
“Gone is to-day from thee,
Gone to Eternity,
Forevermore!”

The Knight of Modern Days

A TOAST.

AT old King Arthur's table, years ago,
When fiery hearts 'neath coats of mail did glow—
When clanking swords marked off the passing hour
Of days when gallant knighthood was in flower—
There was a custom, held as sacred, pure,
As knighthood's vows within their hearts secure.
When merriment, presiding o'er the scene,
Had dominated all, and reigned supreme,
When flowing wine loosed silent tongues to speech,
'Twas thus the honored custom ran, that each
And ev'ry knight should voice his favorite boast,
And rising, glass on high, should pledge a toast.
The Past now claims those days beyond recall—
Like ivy on an old-world castle wall,
Still elings fond memory to those days of yore,
Though faded is their pride, their glory o'er.
Gone is that golden age—yet something still,
Besides its memory, remains to thrill
Our hearts with chivalry's romantic sway—
Though past the age, its spirit breathes to-day.

A toast to thee, O knight of modern days!
Thou rid'st not forth on charging steed, to raise
Thy standard as Crusader did of old,
In armor clad, with dauntless bearing bold.
Thou bear'st not panoply of sword and shield
And lance—weapons of old thou dost not wield
In warfare fierce. Thou tak'st no sacred vow
Of chivalry. A modern knight art thou!
Thine armor is the armor of thine heart—
Donned ever, of thine inmost soul a part—
Armor of courage, virtue, by thee worn
As mail by visored knight of old was borne.
Thy shield is truth. Thine arms, of power untold,
More potent are than sword and lance of old—
Keen scorn of aught that fails to reach the height
Where upward towers thy mighty standard, Right.
Thy heart's allegiance is not sworn to kings,
But to thine ideals, which aloft on wings
Soar ever upward to that distant clime,
Reached only by ideals and aims sublime.

O knight of modern days, equipped art thou
For tournament of life. Upon thy brow,
Valor is boldly written. In thine eyes,
Thine honesty of soul and spirit lies.
Keep thou thy dreams. Keep thou thy pure ideals
Of life; visions there are for him who feels
That earth's horizon does not mark his goal—

'Tis to the stars of heaven that his soul
Is lifted, and their inspiration fills
His heart with dreams, his soul with genius thrills.

Chivalry is not dead, nor does it sleep
So long as thou, O modern knight, dost keep
Thy vigil o'er thy word and thought and deed—
Thy loyalty unswerving to thy creed—
So long as thou dost guard thy heart from stain,
Unsullied, pure, will chivalry remain—
And may thy knighthood e'er thy glory be—
My toast, O knight of modern days, to thee!

Sonnet—To a Bird of Passage

O BIRD of Passage, that unto my heart
Hast brought a vision of a realm that lies
Distant and dim as dreams of Paradise,
Yet fair enough to seem of heaven a part—
Didst follow in thy pilgrimage some chart,
Planned by a mind Divine, which, in its wise
Forethought, caused me from earth to lift mine eyes
On high, where thou, O Bird of Passage, art?
Deep in the garden of my heart, hast thou,
In passing, dropped a wondrous seed, which now,
Warmed by the sun of life and fed by shower,
Waked by the thrill of life, has bloomed. The flower
Pours through my soul its fragrance, wide and free—
Rises that fragrance, Bird aloft, to thee?

April—Her Moods

A LOWERING sky of gray-hued clouds,
Whose sullen frown the sunshine shrouds—
Damp leaves that toss with restless fling—
A bird forlorn that dares not sing—
A sombre sea whose dull refrain
Echoes afar—a splash of rain—
A wind that whispers naught of cheer,
But hints that Winter still is near—
I fell asleep, 'twas all so drear
 With sighs of April's sadness.

Blue sky, in which soft clouds of white
Bask lazily in sunshine bright—
A sparkling sea whose dreamy sighs
Fall soft as cadenced lullabies.
Zephyrs, mild harbingers of Spring—
From treetops, lyric notes that sing
Of April when her mood beguiles—
Of April in her witching wiles—
I woke—who could resist her smiles—
 The smiles of April's gladness?

A Dream

NIGHT, like a bird with its wings stretched far,
 Spread from the east to the west;
Under the glimmer of moon and star,
 Slumbered the world, at rest.
High o'er the quiet sea and land,
 Forth from the darkness vast,
O'er fertile plain and the desert sand,
 Silent, the dream-ship passed.

High at the prow, stood the angel guide—
 Giver of dreams is she—
Guiding the ship o'er the mystic tide,
 Tide of Oblivion's Sea.
Poppies the dream-ship bears, which grow
 Close by dark Lethe's stream;
Softly, she drops them to earth below,
 Each with a hidden dream.

Softly, they fall, and their dreams unfold—
 Visions they are, which bring

Smiles to the faces of young and old—
Visions, whose mem'ries cling
After the ship with its magic spell
Fades in the sun's first beam—
Close at my side, such a dream-flower fell,
Deep in my heart, a dream:

Slowly, the curtain of dream-clouds white
Parted. Its folds revealed
One from some far Olympian height,
From some Elysian field.
Clad in a soft, transparent guise,
Shadowy, dim, stood she;
Fixed on some retrospect, her eyes
Seemed but the Past to see.

Softly, a voice like an echoed sigh
Spoke: "From the Past's domains,
Come I, the Spirit of Days Gone By,
Bearing from Old World plains
Rosemary, culled for remembrance sweet,
Blue as the skies of May—
Only in dreams do I mortals meet—
I am called *Yesterday*."

“Safe in this casket I bear, there rest
Memories, long since spent,
Memories, gathered from east, from west,
Claimed by the Past, and sent
Only in dreams to the world, when Night
Hovers her vast realms o’er—
Touched by the Dawn’s soft fingers light,
Fade they forevermore.”

Gently, a cloud o’er the vision fell,
Hiding from view her face;
Far in the distance, a soft “Farewell”
Echoed through endless space.
“Stay!” I entreated. “One moment stay!
Deep in thy casket, lie
Memories dear of a yesterday,
Too sweet to fade and die!

“Stay!” but too late was my vain request—
Useless my vain command—
Silently now had my gray-robed guest
Entered her shadowed land.
Saddened, I mourned o’er her loss, when, lo!
Close at my side, there smiled,
Radiant, a figure with life aglow—
Angel, to earth beguiled.

Not like a dream-vision, dim and blurred,
Shadowy, indistinct—
But by a glorious life-thrill stirred,
Seemed she the bond that linked
Mortals below with some angel-race,
Joined by some mystic tie—
Slowly her steps did she toward me trace,
Speaking—" *To-day* am I.

"I am the Present. Each day, to thee,
Come I, a gift to bear—
Thou alone, judge of its use must be,
And of its value rare.
'Tis *Opportunity* that I bring,
And, when the gift is thine,
'Tis thine to use, or aside to fling,
Though 'tis a grant divine.

"Thou of thy fate art the master sole—
Thou o'er its course hold'st sway;
'Tis not the future thou canst control,
Only the present day.
But 'tis the present wherein there lies
Seed of Fate's future flower—
Destiny, bearing its loss or prize,
Springs from thy present hour."

“Wouldst thou remain?” I implored. “Alone
Stand I—the Past has sped
Down the long vista of years, now grown
Dim as our mem’ries, fled.”
“Knowest thou not that by thee I stand
Ever? I am *To-day*—
Slave of thy will, of thy least command,
Ne’er from thy side I stray.

“Thou dost not always my nearness feel—
Sometimes, my gifts dost lose—
Wounds of the Past I have power to heal,
Yet thou dost oft refuse
Aid that I gladly would proffer thee;
Turned to the earth, thine eyes
Seldom have power my form to see,
Clad in this mortal guise.”

Wond’ring, I pondered. When next my gaze
Eagerly sought her face,
Lo, there was naught but a filmy haze,
Dimming the empty space!
Slowly, there gathered a wondrous cloud,
Tinged with a rose-like hue—
Mystery deep did it seem to shroud,
Hidden from mortal view.

Was it a dream that my fancy wove?
Was it a leaf that stirred?
Wand'ring afar, did some echo rove?
Was it a voice I heard?
Or, was the murmur of rustling air
Voicing the west wind's sighs?
"I am *Tomorrow*. 'Tis in my care,
Guarded, thy future lies.

"Mortals have never my features seen—
Seldom they hear me speak—
Dense is the cloud-veil that rests between—
Useless my face to seek.
Close at my side, rests a crystal sphere,
Whose limpid depths reveal,
Pictured in characters bold and clear,
Symbols the Fates unseal.

"Daughters of Time are we, who speed
'Twixt heaven and boundless space—
Seldom do mortals our presence heed,
Seldom our footsteps trace.
Guardians we of the massive glass
Through which the sands of Fate
Earthward with motion unceasing pass—
Destinies are their freight."

“Grant but one glimpse at thy crystal ball,
Wherein my future rests!”
Useless! Through naught but an empty hall,
Echoed my vain behests.
Might I but know—’twas an idle thought,
Futile, the wish that spoke—
Vain the regret with its longing fraught—
In stole the dawn. I woke.

Daybreak had come with its smiles alight,
Clouds with their rose-hues tipped—
Visions and dreams of the vanished night
Back to the past had slipped.
Daybreak had come, with its life renewed,
Breathing its matin song—
Mysteries gray o’er the night that brood
Only to night belong.

Was it a dream, or a vision, sent
Earthward by unseen Power?
Was it a dream, or a vision, lent
Just for a fleeting hour?
Angel of Dreams, in my heart secure,
Deep rests the gift of thine,
Flooding my soul with its radiance pure—
E’er be its mem’ry mine!

Class Song

SWIFTLY has the happy past
From us fled;
To a broader view at last,
We are led.
School-days now we leave behind,
And with strong and willing mind
Seek the paths of truth which wind
Far ahead.

We may meet with heavy care
On the way;
Skies may not be always fair,
But we'll say,
"Ever toward perfection's height,"
Till the summit is in sight,
While our purpose gathers might
Day by day.

Hope will be a shining star

Through the night,

Urging us to peaks afar

By its light.

While we wiser, nobler grow,

It will cheer us as we go,

Making all our life below

Glad and bright.

Girls' High School,

Brooklyn, New York

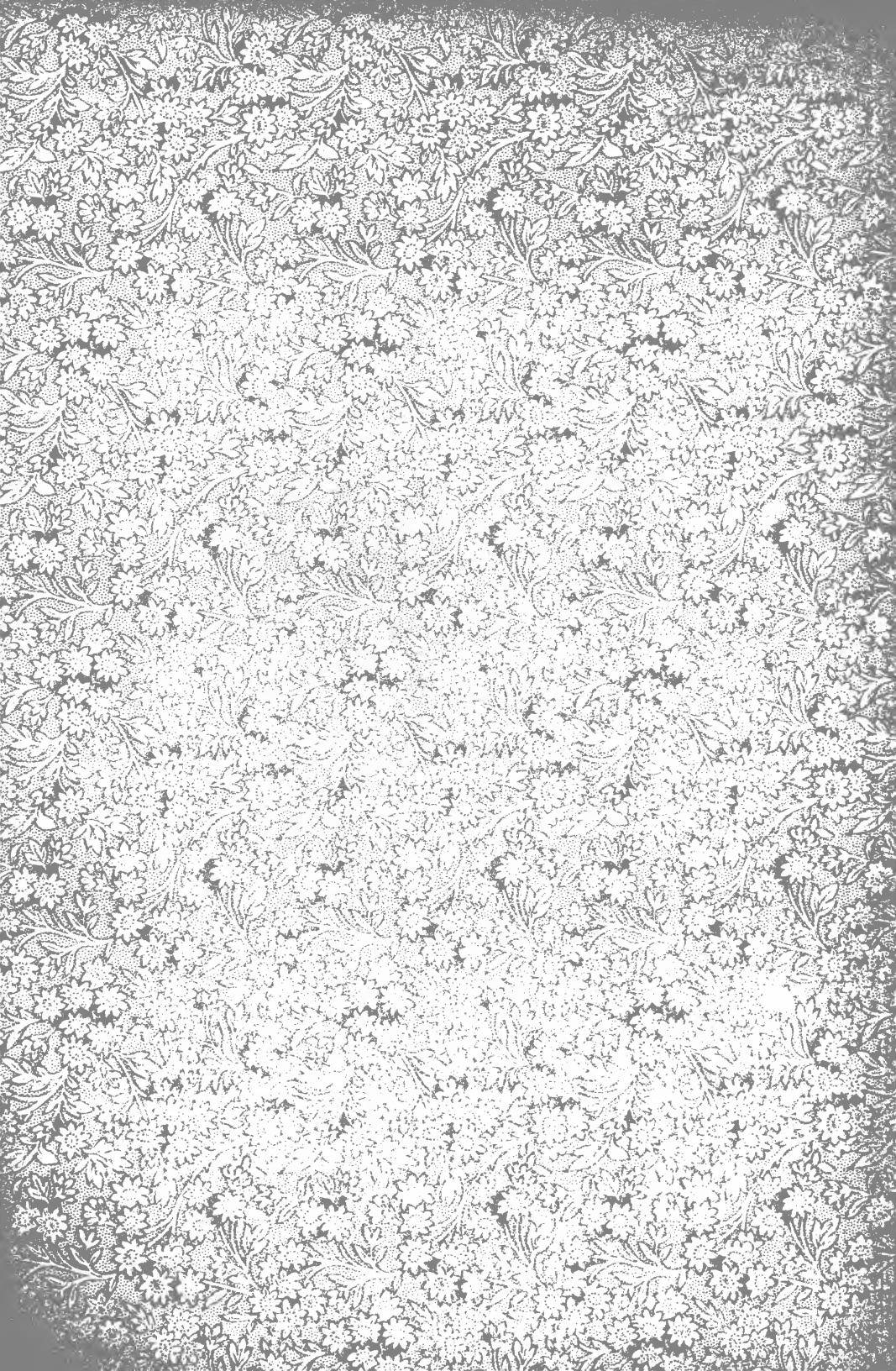
Reveries

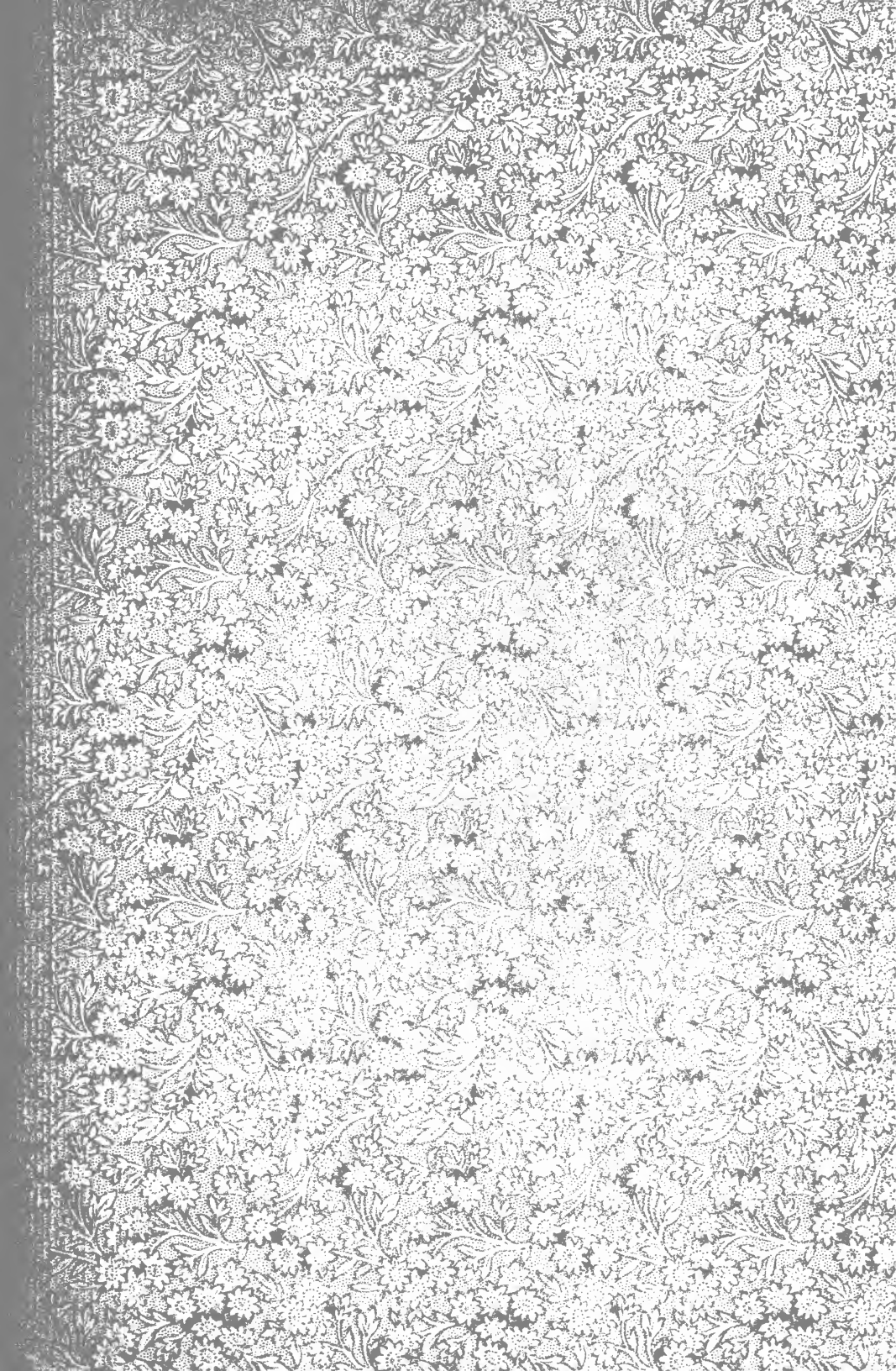
SOMETIMES, at twilight, when the embers low
Lend to the dying day their dusky glow,
A dream-face rises—and the eyes are thine.

Sometimes, 'mid dimpling waves that curve and
dance
With laughter o'er the grim old sea's expanse,
A dream-smile lingers—and the lips are thine.

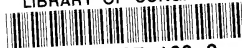
Sometimes, when soft through fragrant pine-boughs,
steals
A melody that charms and soothes and heals,
A dream-voice whispers—and the tones are
thine.

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